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A BRAVE MAN AND HIS BELONGINGS :

BEING SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, R.N.,

F.R.S., K.C.H., &c. &c.,

FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

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THIS FRAGMENTARY RECORD

Is Affectionately Dedicated to

(AS IT WAS COMPILED FOR)

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S GRANDCHILDREN

AND HIS

GREAT NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

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A BRAVE MAN AND HIS BELONGINGS.

"In battle fearless, and in danger brave,
"Bearing his country's red-cross flag aloft,
"Triumphant over foes and elements,—
"No peril stopp'd him!"

SOME time since I was asked by a young lady to lend her a "good Biography of Sir "John Franklin." I was unable to comply with her request, and I was obliged moreover to tell her that no such Work existed. The regret which I felt made me ask myself, "Why has "not Franklin's Life been written?" His was a memorable, a picturesque, and an interesting life, from its stirring and adventurous beginning to its tragic and hidden close; and it appeared to me that the story of it ought to be told. I reflected, however, that it is very doubtful if it can ever be well and truly told now,—for those who could have supplied the materials for the first, and not the least interesting part of his career, have passed, or are rapidly passing away to another world.

For the sake then of the young generation of

his direct and collateral descendants, who have been taught to revere his name, while they have very little information about his character and history, I undertook to write down such particulars of Franklin's life as I could collect or remember. The materials at my command consisted chiefly of letters and papers in the possession of the relatives of his first wife, who was my mother's sister, and this circumstance explains why, in the following pages, the brief romance of Franklin's first marriage is dwelt on with more detail than that of any other part of his career. But the letters, alas, are few in number. Many have been destroyed, which belonged to elder members of the family (now no longer living) with whom Sir John was in constant and familiar correspondence, and from those which remain, and from some other sources, I have only been able to compile a meagre, though I trust an accurate, account and picture of his life. I address this account specially to you, my young cousins, and to my own children; you will find here none, or but few, of the thrilling incidents of Arctic adventure. Those you can read for yourselves in the published accounts of Franklin's Voyages and Travels, and my object has been to set before you the man himself, rather than the perils and dangers he underwent in the cause of science and in the service of his country.

I have a short paper before me, in the writing of one of Franklin's nieces, which I found tied in with a bundle of letters, and which seems to have been drawn up—though in very laconic fashion—with a view to forming a sketch of

Franklin's life; but, unfortunately, it goes no further than the year 1822! It has this heading.

"In battle fearless, and in danger brave,
"Bearing his country's red-cross flag aloft,
"Triumphant over foes and elements,
"No peril stopp'd him."

I think, probably, the paper was dictated by Franklin's first wife, and that the lines are her own composing. I follow this paper in my succeeding pages, and also a brief memoir of Franklin, written some years since by his faithful friend Sir John Richardson, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

John Franklin was born in 1786 at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, and was the youngest of four brothers, who all proved themselves to be men of talent and energy. The eldest raised a Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, and was given the colonelcy of it by the Lord Lieutenant of his county. One, Sir Willingham Franklin, became judge at Madras, and another—Major James Franklin, of the Bengal Service—was highly distinguished for his scientific acquirements, which procured him the Fellowship of the Royal Society; he would doubtless have risen in fame, had not death early cut short a career of dawning brilliancy. Of this numerous family there remains only one male descendant of the name of Franklin, who is now a gallant young midshipman in her Majesty's navy.

John, the youngest son, was destined for the Church by his father, and received the first rudiments of education at St. Ives; he afterwards went to Louth Grammar School, where he remained two years; but having employed

a holiday in walking twelve miles with a companion to look at the sea, which he had never seen up to that time, his imagination was so impressed by the grandeur of the sight that some former predilections for a sea-life were confirmed, and he determined to be a sailor. His father, hoping to dispel what he considered a boyish fancy, sent him in a small merchant-ship to Lisbon, knowing there would be many discomforts on the voyage. A totally different effect was produced; he was made much of by the captain, feasted upon Portugal oranges and grapes, and returned home by no means disgusted with the experiment made. His father, finding that he was still bent on the naval profession, entered him on board the *Polyphemus* 74, Vice-Admiral Lawford, at the age of fourteen. Young Franklin soon had a taste of the perils and the glories of the life he had chosen; the *Polyphemus* led the line at the battle of Copenhagen—Nelson's hardest fought battle—in 1801; the boy escaped without a wound, while a brother midshipman was killed at his side.

Two months after the battle of Copenhagen, John Franklin joined the *Investigator*, discovery ship, commanded by his relative Capt. Flinders, and under the training of that able scientific officer, the lad repaired any disadvantages which the early close of his school-days might have entailed. The *Investigator* bore him to the then almost unknown coasts of Australia; during the expedition young Franklin had abundant opportunities, which were not neglected, of acquiring both practical seamanship and the more difficult branches of nautical surveying. It is

recorded that on account of his steadiness he was always one of the midshipmen selected to attend the captain, when he made excursions on shore, for surveying or other scientific purposes, and he used to tell of the greeting of the then Governor of New South Wales (father of the well-known Captain Philip Parker King) "Well, Mr. Tycho Brahe, and how are you?" The widow of Governor King delighted in her later years to dwell upon her recollections of the young midshipman, who was an especial favorite with her.

In 1803, the Investigator having been pronounced unfit for service, Captain Flinders and young Franklin embarked on board the Porpoise in order to return to England to solicit another ship for the completion of the survey. A new experience awaited Franklin, for the Porpoise (an armed storeship commanded by Captain Fowler) and the Cato, which accompanied her, were wrecked in the night of the 18th August on a coral reef on the East Coast of Australia, and the crews of the two vessels, 94 persons in number, remained for eight weeks on a narrow sand-bank not more than 150 fathoms long, and rising only four feet above the water. They were only rescued through the heroic exertions of Captain Flinders, who, having made a voyage to Port Jackson of 250 leagues in an open boat along a savage coast, returned to their relief with a ship and two schooners. Truly those were days when a boy bent on going to sea might reckon on a full share of adventures!

Franklin was now parted from his relative Capt. Flinders, and accompanying Lieut. Fowler

to Canton, they obtained a passage to England in the Hon. East India Company's Earl Camden, the ship of Sir Nathaniel Dance, Commodore of the China fleet. In this ship Franklin took part in his second naval battle, for Sir Nathaniel, on the homeward-bound passage, had the honour of repulsing a strong French squadron, under Admiral Linois. Fowler assisted the Commodore with his professional advice in the action, and young Franklin performed the important duty of signal midshipman.

On reaching England he joined the *Bellerophon*, and one is not surprised to find that he was again entrusted with the signals, and executed the duty with his accustomed coolness and intrepidity at the great battle of Trafalgar in 1805. Sir John Richardson relates that those stationed around young Franklin on the poop fell fast under the fire of the enemy, and were all, with four or five exceptions, killed or wounded. The commander of the *Bellerophon*, Captain Cooke, also fell in the action. Franklin escaped unhurt! How I should like to see the letters he wrote to his brothers and sisters after the engagement, and I should like, too, to see those in which he related the trials of his shipwreck, and his eight weeks' imprisonment on that coral reef—if, indeed he *did* relate them. He was not more than eighteen at the battle of Trafalgar, and during the five years he had been in the navy he had taken an active part in three important battles, and had endured a tedious shipwreck. Did he during those eight weeks, when death was staring him in the face, regret his choice of a sea life? I wonder if any of his

letters, when a midddy, have been preserved? He now served for two years in the Channel fleet, and then joined the Bedford, in which ship he served for more than seven years, and gained the rank of Lieutenant. He was still fighting—in the blockade of Flushing—on the coast of Portugal—and in other parts of the world. At the attack on New Orleans, in 1814, he greatly distinguished himself when, as first Lieutenant, he commanded the engagement with the enemy's gunboats, and took the first gunboat captured. In this action he received a slight wound—so far as I know, the only one he had received in the numerous engagements in which he had taken part.

Hitherto we have seen him a daring but trusted Midshipman, a gallant and active Lieutenant, "in battle fearless, and in danger "brave;" but from this time a change came over his manner of life, and he was now to face dangers not less formidable indeed, but of a different character. Whether he had ever revisited his Lincolnshire home during the years which had passed since the attainment of his boyish wish to go to sea, I cannot tell. But we will hope so; and that at some brief intervals he had brightened the family circle with his presence, and astonished it by his stirring tales of battle and shipwreck, though the modesty of his nature would have prevented his willingly making himself the hero of his narratives.

For the first time, the brief record I am following mentions that he "remained on shore "till 1818," probably from the time that peace was proclaimed in England; for Sir John Rich-

ardson says of the same epoch, that "peace being established, Franklin turned his attention to the scientific branch of his profession, as affording scope for his talents."

And now began his connection with that series of voyages of Arctic discovery through which his name has become so well and so honourably known to his countrymen and throughout the civilised world. "There is yet one thing left undone whereby a great mind may become notable," wrote worthy Master Purchas more than two centuries ago. That one deed was the discovery of the North-West Passage to the Indies. Many long years afterwards the words of the good Dean of St. Paul's sounded like a trumpet-call to his countrymen, and many an aspiring spirit essayed to do that deed whereby bright honours and immortality were to be won.*

The discovery of the North-West Passage was at this time occupying the attention of the English Government, and Franklin, in common with the then leading men of science, was soon eager in the cause. Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society, recommended him to the Admiralty as a proper officer to be employed in Arctic discovery, and accordingly he was given the command of the *Trent*, the second ship under Captain Buchan, who himself commanded the *Dorothea*. This latter vessel received so much injury in the endeavour to penetrate beyond the ice-bound coast of Spitzbergen, that the voyage had to be given up,

* From a paper in "Once a Week," by Captain Sherrard Osborne, R.N.

Franklin's earnest entreaty to be allowed to go on *alone* being naturally refused by his chief. Thus was Franklin one of the four Arctic navigators in the first ship expeditions of the present century for reaching the North Pole, and for the discovery of the North-West Passage. The others were Buchan, John Ross, and Parry, each commanding his own ship. Ross and Parry, in command of the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, took a different route from Buchan and Franklin.

Having, in the expedition under Buchan, fully proved his calmness in danger and fertility of resource, Franklin was, with full confidence in his ability and exertion, placed, in 1819, in command of another expedition appointed to travel through Rupert's Land to the shores of the Arctic Sea.

I should not wonder if some of my younger readers should here mentally ask themselves a question which has often been asked of me, and which is sometimes asked scornfully, viz., "What is the use of the North-West Passage?" and "Why should so many brave and good men have endured such intense hardship and toil, even many of them sacrificing their lives in order to discover a route which if proved to be passable, could never, from the great difficulties it presents, become practically useful?" I confess I have often been puzzled to answer the question; but my difficulty only resulted from my own ignorance and that of my questioners. Scientific men would never doubt the value of the discovery of the North-West Passage, *i.e.*, the actual existence of a water com-

munication between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans. It is of the utmost importance to science that *every* portion of our globe should be surveyed and mapped, and it is impossible to estimate the loss, while *any* part remains unexplored, so significant are the bearings which every portion of scientific knowledge has on every other portion. By the discovery of the North-West Passage, then, is to be understood not so much the planning a particular route, as the furnishing of missing links in the great chain of scientific investigation, the absence of which is an incalculable loss to the scientific world.

To return to Lieutenant Franklin, whom we left (in 1819) about for the first time to command an Arctic Expedition. Sir John Richardson remarks, after mentioning his friend's peculiar qualifications for such a command (which I have already specified), that to these he added an ardent desire to promote science *for its own sake*, and not merely for the distinction which eminence in it confers. "Added to this," he continues, "Franklin had a cheerful buoyancy of mind, which, sustained by religious principle of a depth known only to his most intimate friends, was not depressed in the most gloomy times."

At this period, so little was known in England of the country through which Franklin was to travel, that the route he was to pursue was left pretty much to his own judgment, guided by the information he might be able to collect from the Hudson's Bay Company's servants. The Expedition was called an "Overland Expedition," *i.e.*, instead of sailing northward in well

found ships which would afford them warmth and shelter in the winter, these brave men embarked in one of the Company's ships, which on their arrival at Hudson's Bay they quitted, and trusted entirely to the boats with which they were provided, and which for the greater portion of their journeyings they carried for considerable distances overland, together with all their ammunition, provisions, and other stores. This added enormously to their hardships, which in any case must have been tremendous.

Large acquisitions were gained for science in geographical and other knowledge as the fruit of this expedition, but the adventurous explorers underwent frightful privations and trials. Franklin on his return to England in 1822 wrote an account of their travels, and the history of their hardships, as told in his own manly and unaffected language, undoubtedly presents a noble picture of heroic exertion and patient endurance, and excited universal interest and commiseration. To quote the glowing words of Sir L. M'Clintock, "It was a tale of suffering "and endeavour which flushes the cheek and "dims the eye of the most phlegmatic of "readers."

During his absence Franklin had been promoted to be a Commander in the Navy, and on his return he was raised to the rank of Post-Captain, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

And now, I think, he must have reposed on his laurels for three years; the first lengthened period of real rest which he had taken, so far as I can find, since he first went to sea 23 years.

before. He was now 36 years of age, and about this time dates my first recollection of him.

I was a very little girl in 1822-3, but I perfectly remember Captain Franklin at the time he married my aunt Eleanor Porden. I remember sitting on his knee and playing with his epaulettes, for naval officers at that time wore their uniforms habitually; and it seems to me that I cannot recollect Captain Franklin in any dress but his uniform. You would, perhaps, be interested in knowing my recollection of his personal appearance?

I have not the art of word-painting enough at command to give it you. A portrait which was painted of him about this time by Phillips, the Royal Academician, has been photographed, and copies of this photograph might be procured by any of you, Franklin's young descendants. This photograph, which I possess, quite confirms my remembrance of him as he looked in middle life in 1825-30; and he was not much altered when I said farewell to him in 1845 (he was then in his 60th year), a few days before he sailed on that last fatal voyage. His features and expression were grave and mild, and very benignant; his build thoroughly that of a sailor; his stature rather below the middle height; his look very kind and his manner very quiet, though not without a certain dignity, as of one accustomed to command others. You can, however, judge for yourselves what manner of man he was outwardly, from the statue which has been placed opposite the United Service Club in Waterloo Place, which gives a tolerably faithful representation of him. I wish I were competent to

offer you a "mental photograph" of Sir John Franklin, but I think even the few extracts I shall be able to give from his letters will show that he had a kind, affectionate disposition, and was a thoroughly upright man. Of his courage, energy, and ability there is no need to speak; and of his sincerely religious tone of mind I have already told you what is said by his friend, Sir John Richardson. I may add that I have heard those of Captain Franklin's nieces, who knew him most intimately, gratefully tell how much they owed to him in the deepening of the inner life to their own consciousness; showing them, in a manner they had not realised until they knew him, what it is to have the daily life and conversation under the influence of direct Christian principle.

Among the memoranda they lent me I have found a "phrenological character" of Captain Franklin, by the once celebrated Spurzheim. It was probably drawn up about the year 1825, as at that time Spurzheim was lecturing in London, and the world of fashion was crowding to hear him, and to submit their heads to his manipulation, that they might learn what "bumps" they had; some even going so far as to say that the choice of a career in life ought to be regulated by the opinion of the phrenologist as to the conformation of the skull and the characteristics indicated thereby. However this may be, the "Phrenological Character of Captain Franklin" is a correct one in its more salient points, and as it is not long, I have copied it for your amusement.

Phrenological Character given by Spurzheim.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.

- " Fond of children.
- " Attachment to persons and native home very strong.
- " Somewhat violent, but speedily reclaimed by benevolence and justice.
- " Indignant at any act of injustice to others ; so much so as to appear officious to some.
- " Powers of an author, mechanic, or artist.
- " Not disregarding property.
- " Disposed to good humour and cheerfulness, bordering upon wit."
- " Not at a loss to contrive.
- " Memory for locality.
- " Fondness for first principles.
- " Fond of mathematics.
- " Great fondness for travelling, assisted by hope. He always looks to the brightest side of the question.
- " No despondency. Great benevolence, and disposition to give to others around him.
- " Want of supernaturality very strong.
- " He likes books of natural history and books of voyages and travels ; in short, he likes facts, not fiction.
- " Fondness for music, but not a critic ; if he plays, not a professor.
- " No hesitation in answering questions, though sufficiently cautious.
- " Love of approbation very large.
- " Does not care about things being in order."

I have said that Captain Franklin married in 1823, and you must forgive me if I digress somewhat from my subject to give you a little sketch of his first wife, Eleanor Porden, the grandmother and great aunt of those to whom I am chiefly addressing myself, for she was a very remarkable person. Her father, an architect of some eminence, opened his house habitually to all the literary and other "lions" of his day.

Eleanor was the youngest of his ten children, all of whom died in infancy, except two. Those two were daughters, and, singularly enough, they were the eldest and the youngest of the family. There were, consequently, many years between them, and the elder sister married when Eleanor was quite a child. She thus grew up as the only daughter in her parents' house, and, having developed at a very early age uncommon intellectual and poetic talent, found herself while yet a girl the centre of a literary circle, who rendered to her genius a homage which they had perhaps better have withheld, while they gave to her amiability a love which it deserved and commanded. Posterity has not endorsed the verdict which admiring friends accorded to Miss Porden's poems; but they undoubtedly had great merit, and were, indeed, remarkable productions for a young girl. She wrote an epic poem in two volumes, called "*Cœur de Lion*," which I have read more than once with great interest, and a clever scientific poem (allegorising the Rosicrucian system) called "*The Veils*." For this latter poem she received the honour of being made a member of the far-famed "*Institut*" of Paris. I have by me an interesting letter written by her to the lady who had been her governess, in which she describes with much modesty and ingenuousness how, when she was visiting Paris with her father, in 1816, she being then a girl of nineteen, she had "a gratification that has been enjoyed by very few ladies - besides myself, that of being present at a *seance* of the *Institut*. I felt a

" little uncomfortable at first, but am now
" pleased to have been, to have seen and been
" introduced to some of the greatest men in
" France, particularly Laplace and Cuvier, and,
" above all, to have heard the latter, who is
" reckoned the most eloquent man in the king-
" dom, read a long memoir on a new species of
" cuttlefish," &c. &c. So, although as I have
said, the name of Eleanor Porden is not inscribed
on the roll of English poetesses who have
achieved an enduring reputation, we may take
pleasure in the thought that her talent and intel-
lect procured her much legitimate enjoyment
during her short lifetime. I find a note addressed
to her by the elder D'Israeli, who was one of
Mr. Porden's circle of acquaintance, which is
couched in terms of almost dangerous praise for
a young aspirant for fame, and many of the
literary men who frequented Mr. Porden's house
indulged themselves in a similar strain, when
perhaps a little friendly criticism would have
been more wholesome ; but Eleanor's sweetness
and modesty never forsook her, and she never
allowed her bookish tastes to interfere with her
domestic duties or her devotion to her parents.

I have heard that as she was about one day to
attend a scientific lecture at the Royal Society
in company with a young lady friend—I think
the young lady was Flaxman's sister-in-law—a
man, I will not say a *gentleman*, who was behind
them, and evidently not an advocate for the
" higher education of women," remarked in a
loud tone, " how foolish of those young women
" to be squeezing in here to hear a scientific
" lecture, they had far better stay at home and

make a pudding." One of the young ladies (I think it was Miss Porden) turned round and said to him good-humouredly, "We did that before we came out," which was literally true.

Mr. Porden and his friends had a sort of club for ventilating their literary productions, which was called the "Attic Chest;" to this his daughter was, of course, a frequent contributor. You will find at the end of this little volume two short pieces by Miss Porden, not written, however, for the "Attic Chest," which, I think, will please you. One is a valentine addressed to her little niece, which may contrast not unfavourably with many children's valentines of the present day; the other little poem is a *jeu d'esprit* in which she assumes the character of an Esquimaux girl, whom she supposes to have given her heart to Captain Franklin, and to be ardently longing for his return. This Arctic damsel, whom the officers of the "Overland Expedition" had for some reason or other named "Green" "stockings," had evidently been a topic of conversation between Eleanor Porden and her admirer Captain Franklin.

Miss Porden's poetic talent was in fact the immediate cause of her making Franklin's acquaintance. A poem she had written on the subject of Arctic Exploration, which was then engrossing a large share of public attention, met his eye, and he was so pleased with her enthusiasm that he begged her to do him the honour of visiting his ships, then newly returned from the Arctic shores. A party was formed for the purpose, and the acquaintance thus begun

ripened into intimacy, and eventually led to an engagement of marriage.

Mr. Porden died in 1822; his wife had died the previous year. Eleanor had nursed them both tenderly and devotedly—her mother especially—through a long period of decaying health and painful sickness, and had materially enfeebled her own health by her zeal in these sacred duties. A severe illness followed her release from them; but at length, on the 19th August, 1823, she became the wife of Captain Franklin.

One stipulation was made by the sailor-bridegroom. His country was his first love, his profession was his first duty, and his bride was to hold herself ready to give him up whensoever and on what service soever that country and that profession might require. And his bride made him a solemn promise *never*, under any circumstances, to try to turn him aside from the duty he owed to his country and his profession, though she knew that it was to the imminent peril of Arctic research that he had pledged himself. She ratified this promise with the patriotic words, "I am an Englishwoman," and nobly she kept her vow.

Their brief married life was a very happy one, till Mrs. Franklin's health began to decline. They had a house in Devonshire-street, Portland-place, and Mrs. Franklin's playful wit and genuine amiability rendered the house charming to their many friends and acquaintances. Crabb Robinson was one of their intimates, as you may see by his entertaining diary. Mrs. Franklin's young nieces were frequent visitors; one of them was not so very far removed in age

from the young aunt. Their intercourse was like that of sisters, and I have two or three letters before me belonging to this period which give evidence of the enthusiasm with which she regarded the gallant Captain who had now become so near a relative. "I do not know," she writes to her aunt, "when I have been so happy as the few days I was with you, and Greenwich will be endeared to me by thinking of you." And after indulging in some girlish fun, wishing she were a boy that she might have gone to sea, and so on, she adds: "I am afraid you will think this a scrambling, mad sort of letter, but it is all you and the Captain. I never knew any one improve so much on acquaintance." A little later on, some presents are made to these young nieces, I suppose of jewellery, for their mother writes:—"Indeed Eleanor, I fear you and the Captain have bestowed too much expense on them; simpler things would have been equally valued by the girls as their uncle's gift." And she adds, as many mothers of our own day might, with perhaps greater reason: "How one's ideas have expanded on subjects of dress, especially since you and I were at the same ages. We should not—at least, I should not—have thought it would be consistent to have worn anything so magnificent."

On the 3rd June, 1824, Captain Franklin's only child was born—a daughter—who received her mother's name of Eleanor. I think soon after the birth of this daughter Mrs. Franklin's health began to give way, but no particular apprehension was felt about her till the following

winter, when severe cough greatly reduced her strength. I have beside me a sweet little note addressed to her by Miss Flaxman—for the gentle-hearted sculptor and his family had always been intimate friends of Eleanor and her sister—lamenting that “prudence would forbid”—Captain Franklin said—her joining their circle on New Year’s Day, 1825; but, adds she, “We must trust entirely to the Captain in this case; we know how precious your health must be to him.” The note is signed “Moth,” the pseudonym by which Miss Flaxman had been wont to sign her contributions to the “Attic Chest.” Precious indeed must the health of his young wife have now been to Franklin’s heart, for he was about to leave her for those perilous Arctic regions; and when winter should next bring family gatherings, and make anxious friends bestow double care on tender invalids, who would be near to watch over his fragile Eleanor? He would be shut up with his brave companions in that dismal frozen darkness whose horrors he knew so well.

But he never wavered in his purpose, nor did she ever attempt to dissuade him from what they both considered the path of duty and honour.

After that New Year’s Day Mrs. Franklin never improved materially in strength, and I doubt if the hospitable wish expressed in Miss Flaxman’s note, “that another day may soon come when we may have you in our chimney-corner without the fear of your suffering in consequence,” was ever realised.

Captain Franklin sailed in command of another

Arctic Expedition on the 16th February, 1825. He left England with the knowledge that his wife was in a most precarious state of health, and that they might in all probability never meet again in this world. Decline was talked of by her doctors, but they appear not to have apprehended immediate danger, and Franklin's sanguine disposition led him to the most hopeful view of her state. Mrs. Franklin knew the danger she was in, but would not speak of it, lest she should damp her husband's energy when he had need of so much; nor would she allow him to delay his departure by a day. Her bright cheerfulness never forsook her. Propped up on her sofa by pillows, on account of her great weakness, *she made with her own hands the flag* which he was to bear aloft to the scene of his battle with the elements.*

But the strain and the excitement and the deep grief of parting must have had an injurious effect on her feeble frame. Six days after her husband had sailed she breathed her last, at the age of twenty-nine. Her sister watched over her with devoted affection, and the warm-hearted young niece was with her too, and had a place in the prayer with which the dying mother commended her infant to the love and care of the Father in heaven. "For you two," she said (speaking of her niece and her infant daughter), "I feel no anxiety. Would that my heart were as calm when I think of my husband!" or words to that effect. I have heard, too, that

* See the reference to this flag in Franklin's letters from America.

she said to her sister, "I hope that neither of your girls will become an authoress. I do not think that such pursuits conduce to the happiness of women." Yet she had been as an authoress singularly free from the heartburnings and jealousy which the search after fame is said to engender, and had been dearly loved by all who knew her.

I think we do not often meet with a more touching "romance of real life" than Franklin's short-lived happiness in his first marriage and the heroic self-abnegation of the wife who loved him so devotedly. I have found a most interesting series of letters belonging to this period, and extending from March, 1825, to September, 1826. It was to me most affecting to read four letters—the four, of course, earliest in the series—addressed to the wife who had breathed her last six days before the first letter was begun. This first letter, written at sea at intervals between the 1st and the 15th March, contains a lively description of what Franklin calls a "very pleasant and favourable passage" to New York, with sketches of his travelling companions, the officers who were to accompany him in his Arctic Expedition.

The party were at that time performing what must have been to them quite a holiday trip—they were sailing in the *Columbia*, American packet-ship for New York, and were thence to proceed across the continent of North America to Great Bear Lake, where would be their first winter quarters; after leaving which the more imminent perils and toils of the Expedition would begin. I extract the following passage,

as it shews us Captain Franklin in a new character:—

“On Sunday morning I was agreeably surprised by the captain’s requesting me to read our service, which I did most willingly, taking care to alter or omit the parts in which I thought the *American* part of the congregation could not be expected to join.* We really felt happy in the opportunity of uniting our praise and thanksgiving with theirs, and of offering up our fervent prayers that ‘the inhabitants of our respective countries may, in peace and quietness, serve Thee our God, and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies, and to praise and glorify Thy Holy Name,’ which is the conclusion of the beautiful prayer (modified for the occasion) directed to be used daily at sea.”

The writer continues:—

“I need scarcely add, my earnest supplications were then and have ever been since our separation offered on your’s and our dear baby’s behalf. I have every hope that it will please God to restore you to health, and that we shall meet after the lapse of a few short years to unite in thanksgiving and prayer to the Almighty, and to enjoy each other’s and our dear child’s society. I shall cherish this hope as a spur to my exertion, and as the beacon to which I wish to attain,” and there

* I suppose the war of American Independence was too recent to allow of the expectation that English people and Americans could *unite* cordially in all the prayers.

is much more to the same effect, calculated to soothe and cheer the invalid, intermixed with tender admonition as to the care of her health, kind messages to his servants, &c.

No fatal telegram awaited Franklin on his arrival at New York, as would have been the case in these days. No letters even reached him during his stay there. He again writes to his wife on the 22nd March, and describes with his usual cheerfulness the pleasures of "a week's residence in New York." Among other things he gives us a peep into the interior of a Yankee theatre fifty years since:—

"The performance was 'Sweethearts and Wives,' and 'Captain Franklin' figured away in grand style. It is a neat house, and happened to be well filled. Some of the gentlemen, however, sat in their hats in the dress boxes by the side of the ladies. So much for a young country, and for liberty and independence."

He finishes his letter thus:—

"I often think how you and our little girl are getting on, and am always so sanguine as to hope you are well. . . I long to hear from you, and it is unfortunate that the next packet has not arrived, which will no doubt bear letters from you or some one of the family."

"24th March, 8 a.m.—We are packing up, ready to depart from hence. All well and in high glee."

The third letter is from Albany, and is full of travelling incidents, a description of the Falls

of Niagara, &c. One thought has struck me in perusing these letters. Was the unconscious widower *really* as full of hope of his wife's recovery as he paints himself? or was he not rather persuading himself that he was sanguine and hopeful, because he could not otherwise have done his "duty to the service?" A certain constraint in the letters, despite their hopeful and affectionate tone, seems to suggest that the writer had in his mind the shadow of a thought which he himself hardly recognised—the thought that possibly his words might be read by other eyes than those loving ones for whose solace they were penned.

At Penetanguishene, Lake Huron, a lonely outlying British naval station, the blow fell. Capt. Franklin was in the very act of writing once again to his wife, when the *first* letters from England reached the party who had left her shores more than two months previously. I know not if it be a mere fancy on my part—but *this* letter of Franklin's seems to me much more addressed to his wife *individually* than the preceding ones—as if the length of time which had elapsed without bringing him the evil tidings which proverbially "fly fast" had begotten a sort of assurance in his breast that all must be well with his Eleanor. I think the letter is interesting enough to give it you at length:—

" Penetanguishene, Lake Huron,

" 22nd April, 1825.

" My Dear Love,—I am sure you will be rejoiced to learn that we arrived safely at this

“ place, to which you may remember a part of
“ our stores were forwarded from Montreal.
“ The Canadian “ voyageurs ” had not reached
“ York at the time of our departure from
“ thence. I, therefore, left Mr. Back to bring
“ them up. Part of their men have already
“ come. Mr. Back and the remainder we expect
“ to-day, so that we shall possibly commence
“ our voyage this evening or to-morrow. We
“ are first to cross Lake Huron and Lake
“ Superior, and at Fort William on the north
“ side of the latter lake, we embark in the
“ proper travelling canoes, which are of a
“ smaller size than those we now use.

“ Penetanguishene is the most northerly of our
“ naval stations, and the key to Lake Huron.
“ At the close of the war they were preparing
“ to build a frigate of 32 guns, but its construction was deferred when the peace was
“ concluded, and the establishment was then
“ reduced. We have found, however, very
“ comfortable quarters in the house of the lieutenant commanding. There are a lieutenant
“ of the army with his wife, and a surgeon and
“ his wife stationed here; these form a social
“ party, and cause the time to pass very pleasantly. Each officer as well as the men have
“ their gardens, and the former some stock of
“ poultry, pigs, and a cow or two, which with
“ the meat supplied by Government enable them
“ to live very well. In the war this place was
“ commanded by Captain Roberts, a friend of
“ mine, who had his wife and her sister with him,
“ who were very comfortable. I do not think,
“ however, that either you or I would relish

“such a secluded life. If we could convey our
“library, it would be the very place for me to
“get through it.

“I should have rejoiced at having you by my
“side on our journey from New York. There
“were many scenes which you could have
“described so well, and I am sure it would
“have given you sincere pleasure to have wit-
“nessed the industry and perseverance of the
“American character, evinced by the number of
“the towns and villages which have sprung up
“within a few years, and where there was every
“appearance of prosperity and comfort. Many
“of the best-informed Americans whom we met
“complain, and I think with justice, of the
“mis-statements that have been made of their
“country by the English travellers, though
“they comfort themselves with the reflection
“that the greater part of these men are persons
“who in their own country are considered as
“desperate adventurers, and who have in con-
“sequence been excluded from good society. I
“certainly have no partiality either for the
“Americans or for their Constitution, but it is
“impossible not to admire their industry. The
“State of New York is perhaps the best division
“of their country for an Englishman to see, as
“its principal city owes much of its importance
“to their commercial intercourse with England,
“and therefore the inhabitants are well disposed
“towards us. The internal prosperity of this
“State is mainly to be attributed to the Western
“Canal affording easy communication from one
“extreme to the other of it—on the border of
“which are built the towns—or on lakes from

" which there are short communications with
" the canal.

" I was in hopes that before we left this place
" I should have received letters from Mrs. Kay
" and Hannah to inform me that you continued
" to improve. The packet from Liverpool must
" have had a long passage to New York, or I
" should have had that gratification. I shall
" embark, however, with every hope that the
" Almighty has been pleased to restore you to
" health before this, and that you are now in
" the enjoyment of every comfort. I daily
" remember you and our dear little darling in
" my prayers, and I have no doubt your's are
" offered up in my behalf. On my birthday in
" particular I was often present with you—
" and fancied our little sprawler on the floor, and
" we reclining on the sophas. She must be
" growing very entertaining, and I sincerely
" trust she will be a source of great comfort to
" us, especially to you in my absence. With
" what heartfelt pleasure shall I embrace you
" both on my return! I suppose Captain
" Beechey has sailed before this time, and hope
" that he will be the bearer of a letter from you,
" or from some of the family if you should have
" been unequal to writing."

(Here follow messages to his brother, &c.)

" Your flag is yet snug in the box, and will
" not be displayed till we get into a more northern
" region. Mr. Back and the men have arrived."

(Here the letter breaks off abruptly, and

then are added in an agitated handwriting the words) :—

“Seven p.m.—The distressing intelligence
“of my dearest wife’s death has just reached
“me.

“JOHN FRANKLIN.”

A short but affectionate note is enclosed under the same cover to his sister-in-law Mrs. Kay, which breathes the pious submission of a truly Christian spirit, bowed down indeed with deep affliction, yet able to think of and for others. He does not forget in his own sorrow to express his solicitude lest the watchers by his Eleanor’s dying bed should have been overtaxed in mind or body, and his gratitude for their tender ministrations.

The remaining letters of this series are addressed either to Mr. or Mrs. Kay. I shall make such extracts from them as I think will interest you.

In a letter begun on the 3rd June, at Lake Winipeg, and ended on the 16th, at Cumberland House (one of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s posts), Captain Franklin thus describes the progress of the party :—

“We are now what the Canadian voyageurs
“term *dégradés*, i.e., stopped by the wind, and I
“gladly avail myself of the leisure which it
“gives me to write a few letters. . . . We
“resumed our journey on the 13th May in five
“North canoes, which are smaller than those
“used in crossing Lakes Huron and Superior,
“and therefore better adapted for the naviga-

“tion of the rivers, and the transport across the
“portages. We travelled by the route which
“has been annually followed by the fur traders
“since their first visit to these parts, and even
“before them, by the early French missionaries.”

As these canoe voyages through the lakes and rivers and rapids of North America have been often described in books of travel, I shall pass over the account of their toils and hazards, and give you a passage personal to the writer:—

“I should wish a marble tablet to be put up
“to the memory of my dearest Eleanor in the
“church where her remains were interred, and
“I have been thinking of writing to Mr. Flax-
“man about it, but it has occurred to me
“that it might be better if you and Mr. Kay
“would have the kindness to mention the
“monument to him, as I am not sure whether
“the first thought might not give him pain; or
“whether he does undertake to execute any
“monuments but those in which there is more
“design, and consequently more expensive than
“would be proper for me. I should, however,
“be much gratified by having this tribute of
“affection executed by Mr. Flaxman, for whom
“my dear wife had the most sincere esteem
“and regard. The inscription should be short
“and without display—bearing testimony to my
“most sincere affection—to her many amiable
“virtues—to her great but unassuming talents—
“and to my deep sorrow at her early loss—
“though this is softened by the well-grounded
“hope of her present state of bliss. It should
“also mention our little Eleanor. You and Mr.

"Flaxman will do me the kindness of arranging
"this."

The Captain's next letter (dated 26th July) is from Fort Chipewyan, a fur-trading station, where the party made their last halt before pushing onward for Great Bear Lake, and where they furnished themselves with all the stores they could collect, before entering those inhospitable regions, of which the Esquimaux are the only inhabitants. "Pemmican," as an article of food, was their great stand-by, and Franklin tells with gratulation that they had "more pemmican than my party ever possessed at any time on the last voyage." This pemmican is an uninviting condiment, consisting of dried buffalo-flesh, very tightly compressed into hard masses; its portability and nutritive properties made it valuable to travellers who had to carry their provisions along with them for hundreds of miles. We used, I remember, to treasure up the remnants of pemmican which reached our house on the return of the Expedition, and I have often tasted it, but always thought it very unpalatable.

I am much struck, as I read over these letters, with the deeply religious tone of Franklin's mind. He ever and anon refers to his recent loss, in writing to his late wife's only sister (for obvious reasons I do not copy these recurring passages), but he seems to find true consolation from the recollection of the sweet counsel concerning things not of this world, which he had taken with his best earthly friend; and far from dwelling on his *own* sorrow, he gently tries to soothe

and alleviate the deep grief which he well knew was in the heart of his correspondent.

In due time the old sanguine, cheerful spirit resumes its sway, as you will see by some of the following extracts from his letters. This one is from the winter quarters of the party:—

“ Fort Franklin, Great Bear Lake,

“ Lat. 65, 11 N. Long. 123, 33 W.

“ 7th September, 1825.

“ My dear Mrs. Kay,—I am quite rejoiced that
“ there is yet time before the travelling by water
“ will be closed for the season, for me to send off
“ another packet of letters, as I am sure you
“ will be anxious to hear from us. The summer
“ has been particularly favourable for all our
“ operations, and I am happy to say that we
“ have accomplished objects already, which we
“ could not on our leaving England have ventured to anticipate. The most interesting of
“ these is, that I have been able to get to the
“ Sea (accompanied by Mr. Kendall), and have
“ so far facilitated our progress next summer, by
“ obtaining a knowledge of its situation, and
“ making ourselves acquainted with the Indians
“ on our way thither. We were not, however,
“ so fortunate as to meet the Esquimaux, but
“ presents of useful articles were left in their
“ huts, to which they are expected to return in
“ the winter. Their neighbours, the Quarrellers
“ of Mackenzie, who resemble them in appearance, habits, and manners, and somewhat in
“ their dialect, were delighted to see us; and I
“ was led to believe that some of them would
“ undertake for the compensation that I offered,

“ to convey to the Esquimaux, the intelligence
“ of our having been down, and of our intention
“ to visit them in the spring. So that I expect
“ to be received by them in a very friendly
“ manner.

“ We reached the salt water on the 16th of
“ August, the same day six months after our de-
“ parture from Liverpool, and on that evening
“ encamped on an island which I have named
“ ‘Garry’s,’ in lat. $69^{\circ} 29' N.$, long. $135^{\circ} 42' W.$
“ From its summit, elevated two hundred feet,
“ we commanded a very extensive view of the
“ sea, which we were delighted to perceive
“ quite free from ice, and in which numerous
“ whales and seals were sporting. The land
“ eastward of the mouth of the river is low,
“ and trends to S.E. true bearing, but that to
“ the westward is immensely high, and is ap-
“ parently a continuation of the Rocky Moun-
“ tain chain which we had seen in many
“ parts during the descent of the Mackenzie.
“ *Here was first displayed the flag which my*
“ *lamented Eleanor made, and you can imagine it*
“ *was with heartfelt emotion I first saw it unfurled;*
“ but in a short time I derived great pleasure in
“ looking upon it. It is most correctly made,
“ and is very handsome. We next hoisted it in
“ the boat and launched into the ocean, that it
“ might also wave on the Polar Sea!

“ We saw plenty of moose and reindeer, and
“ large flocks of geese and swans feeding on the
“ extreme shores of the river, and found suffi-
“ cient drift wood on Garry’s Island for every
“ purpose. All these points I think you will
“ consider very satisfactory. Having gained all

" the information we could require, I thought it
" better to push homeward before a favouring
" breeze, than to remain till it was over to
" indulge my curiosity. We arrived at home
" the day before yesterday, and found the whole
" party assembled. Dr. Richardson had been
" nearly round this lake to ascertain which
" would be the best point to direct his course to,
" on the return of his party from the Copper-
" mine River, and what were the means of
" subsistence on which he might depend; all
" which information he has satisfactorily gained.
" I found Mr. Back and his party in full bustle
" of fitting the interior of our mansion, and am
" now writing in an adjoining apartment to that
" in which the carpenters are in the height of
" their noisy occupation. We hope to have all
" finished in the course of next week; and in
" my next letter you may expect a correct state-
" ment of the interior and exterior of Fort
" Franklin, a name which the officers had the
" kindness to bestow upon it in my absence,
" and which at their solicitation I have per-
" mitted to stand. . . . I have discharged
" most of the Canadian voyageurs, so that our
" party is now almost British. We are all full
" of hope, and in very good spirits, and it will
" be the endeavour of the officers and myself to
" keep the men as merry and happy as we can
" during the winter. Wilson (the Scotch piper),
" who, by the way, is an excellent man, will
" often be had in requisition, and if Mary Anne
" (Captain Franklin's niece) were here, I might
" now and then be tempted to dance with her,
" and so fulfil my promise, which, I fear, will

"remain unperformed a long time, if quadrilles
"keep in vogue on our return. I took her
"muffetees to the sea, and put them on, and
"used Mr. Kay's pencil. So that you may be
"sure I thought of you all when there, &c. &c.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"JOHN FRANKLIN."

Under the same cover with this letter, I find an extract from a letter from Dr. Richardson to "Nicholas Garry, Esq.," who was the agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, and was at this time in London. This letter gives so lively a picture of life at Fort Franklin that I copy the extract.

"Fort Franklin, Bear Lake,

"Sept. 1st, 1825.

"Our mutual friend Franklin has, I dare say,
"given you a full account of the pretty expedi-
"tions and entirely comfortable journey through
"your Territories, of the ample provision that
"was made for our wants, and of the attentions
"we received in our progress, as well as of his
"prosperous voyage down Mackenzie's River to
"the sea. The cheering view from the summit
"of Garry's Island, of an open and iceless sea
"to the eastward and westward, has exhilarated
"us all, and we look forward to the commence-
"ment of our voyage next July with high
"expectations. He and Kendall, who accom-
"panied him, returned last night, and we are
"now all re-assembled under the roof of our
"new mansion, most excellently built under the
"superintending architect, Mr. Dease. It is not
"a flimsy brick fabric, tottering to the centre

“ at the rattling of every Jarvie that passes, but
“ a solid log habitation, founded on clay that
“ has been firmly frozen since the first cold
“ weather after the Flood, and into which the
“ united efforts of our pickaxes and fires have
“ enabled us to penetrate only three feet for the
“ purpose of making a cellar. We muster a
“ large band of music, a pair of bagpipes, violin
“ and jew’s-harp, so that having worked all the
“ summer, we intend to pipe all the winter. The
“ Highlanders, who form a large proportion of
“ our party, foot it every night to the sound of
“ their native music, and by day the shores of
“ the lake resound to the mingled accents of
“ English, French, Gaelic, Esquimaux, Chipe-
“ wyan, and Cree, reminding me strongly of
“ Virgil’s description of the hum of busy voices
“ in the rising city of Carthage. Who knows
“ what fate has in store for this remote land?
“ and if I may make use of a Yankified Gallic
“ idea, the *march of mind* is to the *westward*, and
“ in future ages the arts and sciences may
“ choose their favourite retreat at the foot of
“ the Rocky Mountains, and the bosom of the
“ magnificent Bear Lake be ploughed by the
“ mighty engines of Watt and Boulton. Here are
“ coal and iron ore in abundance; these are
“ the essential foundations of the mechanic arts.
“ The materials for the superstructure will be
“ found in due time. . . . We named the
“ fort in Franklin’s absence, and with some
“ difficulty he has allowed the name to remain.
“ The constant occupation and bustle of travel-
“ ling in which our friend has been involved
“ since he received the melancholy tidings of

"his irreparable loss, has contributed much to the restoration of his wonted serenity, and he does not suffer his griefs to appear, although I can still perceive that his cheerfulness is chequered with fits of sadness. He draws his consolation, however, from an inexhaustible source."

Once during this winter in the icy wilderness, Franklin and his party had the intense happiness of receiving despatches from their friends in England. These were sent through the means of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and passed on from station to station of the Company, and thence to Fort Franklin. The letters were, however, very nearly lost on this perilous journey, as appears from the following:—

"Fort Franklin, Great Bear Lake,

"6th February, 1826.

"My dear Mrs. Kay,—You can well imagine the eagerness with which the packet was unbound, and we were seated to peruse the very affectionate and kind remembrances of our relatives and friends that it contained; and then you can fancy our next meeting together, and congratulating each other on the intelligence we had received. Such circumstances would enliven any place, but in a greater degree, a solitary dwelling in a wilderness like ours. We could then even smile at the narrow escape which these letters had had through the knavery of the Indian guide who accompanied the men that brought them from York Factory. This fellow supposing the

“ packet to contain something of great value,
“ as a canoe was sent express with them, took
“ advantage of his two companions being absent
“ to run off with canoe and packet. Their
“ pursuit of him was fruitless, but on the cir-
“ cumstance being made known at the nearest
“ Post, different parties were sent off in search,
“ and though these did not, I believe, find the
“ culprit, they fortunately got the bundle, which
“ had been opened, and the letters were strewed
“ about, but fortunately none of them lost. I
“ mention the occurrence as an *agreeable* mishap
“ to which travellers in this country may be
“ liable.”

This letter is chiefly on personal and family matters, but here is a passage in which the Captain speaks of the future prospects of the Expedition:—

“ I am happy to say our prospects as to the
“ future voyage along the sea coast are good,
“ and we look forward with the sanguine hope
“ of doing something, but how far we may get,
“ or what we may be able to do, depends on
“ circumstances far beyond our present view or
“ control. We are all in high spirits, and hope
“ for the best, but we know that ice, winds, a
“ short season, and perhaps the current, are
“ formidable opponents, and may overpower our
“ utmost exertions. . . . Since I wrote to
“ you, we have learnt that the Esquimaux have
“ received the presents which we left in their
“ huts, and they have sent many kind messages
“ and invitations to us by their neighbours the
“ Sparkling-eyed Indians. Before this letter

"can reach you, our voyage along the coast
"must be at an end, and we, I trust, shall
"be making preparations for our homeward
"voyage."

Another letter of the same date recalls vividly to my recollection, scenes I well remember as a young child, looking on with amazed wonder—scenes of busy and excited industry among Franklin's nieces and their young companions. In the winter of 1824-5, just before the Expedition sailed, they spent many hours in knitting for their uncle and his brave companions the warmest muffetees, comforters, and night-caps their juvenile skill could manufacture, and in furnishing "ditty-bags," *i.e.*, bags provided with articles which sailors well know how to use and appreciate, such as large needles ready threaded with strong thread, buttons, scissors, strong tape, &c. In fact these were masculine editions of a lady's work-bag, and were highly valued for the necessary repairs of clothes, when no female hand should be near, and when the loss of a button or a string might involve a real increase of suffering from the intense cold of an Arctic winter. Such a bag is "called in nautical phraseology a ditty-bag," writes Captain Franklin, "principally, I believe, because a sailor sings while he is using the materials contained in it." The kind uncle does not forget to mention that "Mary Anne's comforter is reserved for the coasting voyage, and some of the Miss McKinleys' muffetees are yet in store, but others have already graced the wrists of different persons, and have been found very comfortable."

In a letter dated 12th June, 1826, the Captain announces that they are on the point of leaving Fort Franklin, deeming the season advanced enough to commence the exploration of the coast. He had not expected another opportunity of writing to his friends in England, but "the present occasion," says he, "results from the Hudson's Bay Company changing their mode of transporting their furs from this quarter. We expect to meet the Company's boats at the establishment in Mackenzie River, where our principal stores and provision for the voyage along the coast were deposited last autumn; but as I am aware that my time when there must be occupied much in the same manner as that of a good manager of a house who is about to have a large dinner-party, or is on the following day to remove into the country, and therefore in a state little fit for writing to his friends, I commence this letter here, with the intention of leaving space to say 'All's well' at Fort Norman. . . .

"I am sure you will be glad to learn," he continues in another part of the same letter, "that our time at Fort Franklin has been spent in a most comfortable manner, and I should hope not entirely without benefit to science as well as ourselves. There is no portion of it on which we shall not be able to look back with a pleasing satisfaction, and if we were to select any particular parts as most likely to excite this sentiment, I think we would fix upon every Sunday, when we assembled twice to unite in praise, prayer, and thanksgiving, and to hear God's Holy Word, and on those

“evenings in which the officers superintended
“the instruction of those men who chose to
“attend the school. Some of them began with
“the alphabet who can now read and write
“tolerably well. You will naturally imagine
“that we not unfrequently indulged in de-
“lightful contemplation on those points with
“which a stranger intermeddleth not, that re-
“lated to our dear relatives and friends as
“well as our own more immediate concerns,
“and for such meditations the silence and calm
“retirement of an Arctic winter is peculiarly
“favourable. Yourself and family have often
“been brought to my view on such occasions.
“My little darling could not fail to have a
“prominent seat in these mental reviews—in-
“deed she has contrived to establish her image
“on my mind so effectually as to be popping
“daily across my vision.”

The season available for carrying on ex-
ploring expeditions in Arctic regions is but
short. During the three summer months only,
does partial thawing of the ice-bound coast
permit the daring traveller to push his way in
the narrow channel thus created, and the 21st
September finds Franklin again at Great Bear
Lake, and modestly announcing to his sister-in-
law the results obtained.

“Fort Franklin, Great Bear Lake,

“21st September, 1826.

“My dear Mrs. Kay,—I have but a few
“moments to write you to say that every
“member of the expedition has reached this
“establishment in sound health after having

"traced the coast from the longitude 113° W.
"to 149° 38' W. We have all had some hair-
"breadth escapes, but I thank God these are
"past, and I have now only the agreeable
"anticipation of relating them in detail over
"your own fireside by November, 1827. I have
"reason to think the Government will be per-
"fectly satisfied with all of our proceedings;
"indeed a great deal has been accomplished,
"and I think there will no longer be a doubt
"remaining in the mind of any reasonable
"man as to the existence of a N.W. passage,
"especially if Captain Beechey gets round Icy
"Cape. Your letters of this year have not
"yet reached me, but we expect them shortly.
"I got here this morning to breakfast and have
"been writing ever since, as we have no time
"to spare in getting this despatch conveyed by
"open water to Slave Lake. It will be sent
"away early to-morrow morning. Kindest love
"to all your family.

"Ever most affectionately,

"JOHN FRANKLIN."

This is the last of this interesting series of letters. The period of eighteen months over which they extend is, you will perceive, the only period of Franklin's life of which I am able to give you anything like a complete picture, and I think you will read the letters with the more interest from the peculiar and trying circumstances under which they were written.

The expedition returned to England, as Franklin had hoped, at the end of September, 1827, having surveyed a large extent of hitherto

unexplored territory, and *proved*, he considered, the *existence* of the North-West Passage, though he had not accomplished its discovery.

That goal was to be reached only in the closing hours of his life—that victory was to be won, as has been the case with so many earthly victories, when the ear of the victor was fast closing to all strains of earthly triumph.

But Franklin's exertions and successes in this expedition were fully recognised and appreciated at home and abroad. He was knighted in 1829, received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and was adjudged the Gold Medal of the Geographical Society of Paris. Three months before he received the honour of knighthood, Captain Franklin had married his second wife, Jane, the daughter of the late John Griffin, Esq. This lady had been a personal friend of Eleanor Porden's. Lady Franklin is still living, and it would, therefore, ill become me to speak in her praise. I need not tell you that her name even now awakens a thrill of sympathy in every English breast; or say how, "hoping against hope," she strove again and again for the rescue of those who were never to return. But this I may say, that Sir John Franklin was highly favoured in having possessed the best affections of two women of no ordinary type, both of whom were endowed with superior intellect and uncommon force of character.

I am tempted to give you here some passages from a letter of Sir John's, written some years after his union with Miss Griffin, on the occasion

of the marriage of that much-loved niece of his, of whom I have so often spoken, with Mr. Kendall, one of Franklin's own gallant comrades, a young officer who had shared with him many of the toils and hardships of his Arctic explorations. I think you will be pleased with the glimpses which the letter gives of Franklin's character as a husband and a father, and, I may add, as an uncle and a friend. The letter is addressed to the bride's sister, a younger niece, whose very retiring disposition, always ready to think herself undeserving of notice and affection, he thus gently chides and encourages:—

“ H.M.S. Rainbow, Patras,

“ 12th July, 1832.

“ I was very much pleased to perceive that
“ the letter was from *you*, who had left me to
“ hear of your welfare from others for a long
“ time past. Now that the ice is once broken,
“ I hope you will continue to write to me, for
“ you must be convinced that I take a deep
“ interest in all that concerns you. Many cir-
“ cumstances concurred to excite the deepest
“ interest in my mind towards Mary Anne; but
“ you much mistake if you have at any time
“ imagined that I did not possess a sincere
“ regard and affection for yourself, or if you
“ suppose I should not take a similar interest in
“ all that relates to your happiness. Her mar-
“ riage with Kendall has riveted my affection
“ for them both, and it can only cease with my
“ life. I shall follow their pursuits with the
“ liveliest pleasure, and feel myself happy if I
“ am able at any time to add to their happiness.

"I hope to possess their mutual confidence, for
"I am persuaded they are both aware of my
"friendship. I hope, too, they will be convinced
"of my dear wife's sincere regard for them. I
"doubt not she will write herself to M. as soon
"as she hears of her marriage. I last heard
"from her (Lady F.), from Jerusalem, where
"she was on the 24th May. . . . She
"has borne the fatigue of travelling without
"suffering, and writes in great spirits, in spite
"of the annoyance of flies, of mosquitos, and
"of heat. Her desire for the acquisition of
"knowledge and information causes her to look
"upon all these inconveniences as comparative
"trifles, or as evils which must be borne if you
"wish to travel beyond the beaten path of
"modern travellers."

Then follow assertions of Sir John's determination to "prevent any one offering insult to
"the British Consuls, or the flags of the Allied
"Powers, &c. &c."

"My little girl now writes to me by every
"packet, and I have the greatest happiness in
"witnessing a progressive improvement in the
"tone and expression of her thoughts. She
"generally gives me some account of her last
"book in reading, and I find that the selection
"is well made, and relates to the parts in
"which her mamma and I now are. Your dear
"brother is quite happy in this ship, and is
"much noticed by all the officers, as he deserves
"to be, because he is a steady, active fellow.
". . . . I have but space to say God bless

"you and all your relatives, is the earnest
"prayer of your affectionate,

"JOHN FRANKLIN."

The young couple to whom this letter so affectionately alludes were about to sail for one of our colonies, and Sir John thus writes on the subject to his sister-in-law, the mother of the bride:—

"Mrs. Majendie's last letter gave me to understand that the day was fixed for Mary Anne's marriage, and the *Galignani Messenger* of the 16th informs us of its having taken place. I may, therefore, offer you and Mr. Kay my warmest congratulations on the event. There is no person I should have sooner chosen than Kendall for the husband of my dear M., had the selection been mine. I think them highly suited for each other, and know that the constitution of their minds and their general tone of feeling are much alike. Both are blessed with an ardency of mind and energy of purpose that will fit them in a peculiar manner for their station in life, and both of them possess in a high degree that deep sense of religion which will give the greatest charm to all their occupations, and teach them to place their best hopes on Him who alone can cause their endeavours to prosper. . . . I much regret that I could not be one of the wedding party, and also that they will be absent from England when I return, but I am willing to cherish the hope of seeing them at no very distant period after my return, seated in their own home in New Brunswick. If I had no

"prospect of immediate employment, and my wife thought she would like a trip to that country, I should enjoy paying a visit to them. I have always felt an interest in new colonies, and that in which these dear friends are, will for their sake be doubly interesting to me."

Sir John, at the time he wrote these letters, was in command of H.M.S. *Rainbow* on the Mediterranean Station; he had received the appointment a year and a-half after his second marriage. The sunny Mediterranean must have been a pleasant contrast to the Frozen Zone, and his ship became proverbial in the squadron for the happiness and comfort of her officers and crew. The sailors, with their usual fondness for epithets, named her the "Celestial *Rainbow*" and "Franklin's Paradise." Franklin was chiefly employed in the Grecian waters, and in acknowledgment of the essential service he had rendered off Patras in the "War of Liberation," he received the "Cross of the Redeemer of Greece" from King Otho, and after his return to England, he was created a Knight Commander of the Guelphic Order of Hanover.

In 1836, Lord Glenelg offered Sir John Franklin the Governorship of Tasmania, which was accepted by him with the condition *that he might be allowed to resign it, if on a war breaking out, he was offered the command of a ship*, as he preferred rising in his own profession to the emoluments of the Civil Service. But having

accepted the appointment, he made the best interests of Tasmania his constant and earnest study.

Do you remember, in "Stanley's Life of Arnold," Dr. Arnold's letter to Franklin on his accepting this Governorship? How he says, "It really is a happiness to me to think of you in Van Diemen's Land, where you will be I know, not in name nor in form, but in deed and in spirit, the best and chief missionary. . . . There can be, I think, no more useful or more sacred task than assisting in forming the moral and intellectual character of a new society. I sometimes think that if the Government would make me a Bishop, or Principal of a college or school, or both together, in such a place as Van Diemen's Land and during your government, I could be tempted to emigrate there with my family for good and all."

Sir John, accompanied by Lady Franklin, and by his daughter and niece, arrived in Hobarton on the 6th January, 1837. I could give you many incidents of the life at Government House during the seven years of his governorship, for his daughter, who was twelve years old when she sailed for the Antipodes, corresponded regularly with my sister, who was about her own age, and who has preserved all her letters; but this juvenile correspondence would be too lengthy, and I shall content myself with one little extract which gives a sketch of an almost extinct race—the aborigines of Tasmania.

" 28th March, 1838.

" Papa and mamma have been to Flinders' Island, where the aborigines of the island are now settled. Mr. Robinson, their commandant, having obtained permission of Government, went among them as a friend, and was the means of conciliating them and settling them on Flinders' Island. They are however fast diminishing, and of about 270 only 96 now remain. It is singular that they had a King William, who died on the same day that our late Sovereign died. They are now taught to read and write, and sing a little sacred music. The women make and mend their clothes, for doing which they receive rewards. They have a Queen Adelaide, and two kings—George and Alfred. Papa and mamma saw them perform the corrobbery, or native dance, which consists of imitations of the various actions of the native animals. They called mamma 'Gouverneur Loubra,' by which they meant Governor's wife, and it being dark when papa and mamma left the island, the natives accompanied them to the ship with torches, the light of which, contrasting with the dark green foliage of the country around, made a pretty sight."

An interesting period in Sir John's Tasmanian life, was that in which he warmly welcomed the officers of the Antarctic Expedition, under Sir James Clarke Ross and Captain Crozier, to Government House, at Hobarton, to rest and recruit both on their outward and homeward voyages, greeting them on their return in 1841,

as the discoverers of the South Polar land, and its two gigantic volcanoes. In the very same ships, which had made this wonderful voyage (the Erebus and the Terror), did Franklin and Crozier four years later sail for the North Polar regions, never to return !

I had a special interest in the Terror, as my brother, then a lieutenant in the navy, had sailed in her under Captain Crozier. He only performed the first part of the voyage, however, for being of a scientific turn, Sir James Ross, the superior officer of the expedition, left him at Hobarton in charge of the Magnetic Observatory there, to carry on a series of Antarctic observations in connection with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Of course his hours of relaxation from very hard work, were chiefly passed with the Franklins at Government House.

In the missionary spirit which Dr. Arnold (no mean judge of character), in the letter I have quoted, ascribed to Sir John Franklin, did he, while Governor, found the College in Hobarton and largely endow it from his private means, anxious that it should eventually prove the channel of affording to all, religious and secular instruction of the highest kind. To Dr. Arnold did Franklin apply, to recommend for his College a head master, who should be a "Christian, a gentleman, and "a scholar — a member of one of our Universities—a man of ability and vigour of "character—to become the father of the "education of a whole quarter of the globe." Thus writes Dr. Arnold to one of his favourite

pupils, John Philip Gell, whom he rightly judged to possess as fair a title to the necessary qualifications as he could hope to find in any man, and to whom he proposes to undertake the great work:—"It is a most noble field," continues Arnold, "and in Franklin himself you "will have a fellow labourer, and a Governor "with and under whom it would do one's heart "good to work." Mr. Gell was not backward in responding to this appeal, and he laboured diligently and conscientiously amid many difficulties, for a considerable period of time, to build up the College according to the intentions of its founder, both in concert with Sir John and after he had left the colony.

Franklin's Governorship lasted for seven years. To the people of Tasmania he endeared himself greatly, and when he departed from among them, he was attended to the place of embarkation by the most numerous assemblage of all

NOTE.—While I have been engaged in drawing up these memoranda, a letter has been lent me to read, written by a lady visiting Tasmania, dated February, 1873, and I have been allowed to make this extract from it: "We are very "much struck here by the way in which everyone seems to "look back to Sir John Franklin's days here, as *the* golden "days of Tasmania, and he certainly seems in a very "remarkable manner to have been *the* Governor who did "nearly everything that ever was done for the colony. "Both he and Lady Franklin are spoken of with the "greatest veneration. There is an old man who drives "the Sandy Bay car in and out of Hobarton, who was "once a faithful servant of Lady Franklin's, and speaks "with great affection of her and of Sir John. He has two "cars, which he has in fond memory named 'Sir John "Franklin,' and 'Lady Franklin.' I am sorry to say they "are both very jolty and uncomfortable!"

classes of people which had ever been seen on those shores, the recently consecrated Bishop of Tasmania walking at their head. (The erection of Tasmamia into a See had been greatly promoted by Sir John's exertions and representations.) A local paper, after describing the scene in much detail, adds, "thus departed from "among us, as true and upright a Governor as "ever the destinies of a British colony were "entrusted to." Years afterwards, the colonists testified to their remembrance of his virtues by subscribing £1,700, which they transmitted to Lady Franklin, as their contribution to the expense of the search then going on in the unfathomable Arctic regions, for their late beloved Governor.

Sir John and his family returned to England in 1844. That year found England with a surplus revenue, and a vast body of naval officers begging for employment, and eager for any opportunity of winning honours and distinction. The ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, safe and sound from the perils of Sir James Ross' late successful Antarctic expedition, were riding at anchor off Woolwich. All was most propitious for carrying out the darling object of the then venerable Secretary of the Admiralty, Sir John Barrow, the achievement of the greatest problem man ever undertook to solve (so says Captain Sherard Osborne), the Discovery of the Northwest Passage. The summer of 1844 saw many an eager face poring over the Arctic Chart, still in an unsatisfactory condition. Many an enthusiastic officer strove hard, by zeal and interest, to insure being one of those selected

for the glorious work. Then it was that Fitzjames, and such men as Graham Gore, Fairholme, Hodgson, and Des Vœux succeeded in enrolling themselves on the list of the chosen few who were to sail for the far North-west. Two of the persons I loved best in the world, at that period of my life, would certainly have been on that list had they not been forcibly prevented—my sailor brother, who had served under Sir John in the sunny Mediterranean, and would willingly have served under him in the icy North, had he not been detained by duty in his charge of the Magnetic Observatory at the Antipodes; and my sailor brother-in-law, who had fought many battles against ice and snow under Franklin, and would have fought in this last campaign under him, had God so willed it—but he was summoned by sudden illness into the presence of the Great Commander of all, a few months before the expedition sailed, and one of Franklin's last offices of mercy in England was the task of consoling his widowed niece, and of following the remains of her brave husband to their last resting place. It was that niece to whom reference has so often been made in these pages.

Captain Fitzjames, a young and rising naval officer, distinguished for talent and energy, was marked out at one time, by public opinion, as likely to be appointed to the command of this new Arctic expedition, had not Sir John Franklin, recently returned from the Governorship of Tasmania, been heard to say that he considered the post to be his birthright, as the senior Arctic explorer in England. Sanguine of

success, forgetful of past suffering, he claimed his right to command the latest, as he had led the earliest, of modern Arctic expeditions.

Directly it was known that he would go if asked, the Admiralty were of course only too glad to avail themselves of his experience, but Lord Haddington, then First Lord, with that kindness which ever distinguished him, suggested that Franklin might well rest at home on his laurels. "I might find a good excuse for not letting you go, Sir John," said he, "in the tell-tale record, which informs me that you are 60 years of age." "No, no, my lord," was Franklin's rejoinder, "I am only 59!" Before such earnestness, all scruples yielded—the offer was officially made and accepted—to Sir John Franklin was confided the Arctic Expedition, consisting of H.M.S. Erebus, in which he hoisted his pendant, and H.M.S. Terror, commanded by Captain Crozier, who had recently accompanied Sir James Ross in his wonderful voyage to the Antarctic Seas. Fitzjames was second in command to Franklin in the Erebus.

How well I remember that month of May, 1845! It would be strange if I did not, for it is the month in which I was married, and my last recollection of dear Sir John Franklin is associated with that important epoch of my life. Two days previously, at a social gathering which Lady Franklin had assembled, in order that his more intimate friends might have the opportunity of exchanging a few words with Sir John before he sailed into the far North, he took me aside, and in the kindest manner expressed his regret that he should not be able, as he had in-

tended, to be present at my marriage, where his daughter was to officiate as bridesmaid, as some important business connected with the Erebus and Terror was fixed for the same day, and his presence on board was indispensable. How little I thought that this was the last time I should ever hear his kind voice! How long did we hope, even against hope, for tidings from him! How often have I dreamt that he was again among us in England! On the 19th May, 1845, the gallant ships weighed anchor, and, full of hope, the Arctic Expedition sailed on the ill-fated voyage.

A month they sailed across the Atlantic before they reached their first halting place, Disco, or the Whale-fish Islands, on the west coast of Greenland. Thither a store-ship had accompanied them from England, in order that the Expedition might be completed with every necessary up to the latest moment before entering the Polar ice. That voyage of 30 days had served to make the officers and men thoroughly acquainted with their chief, and with each other. Of him, the warm-hearted Fitzjames writes, "That Sir John was delightful, that all had become very fond of him, and that he appeared remarkable for energetic decision in an emergency. The officers were remarkable for good feeling, good humour, and great talents, whilst the men were fine hearty sailors, mostly from the northern sea-ports."

The Erebus and Terror were last seen by a whaler, on the 26th July, in Baffin's Bay, two months after they had left England. All was then proceeding prosperously, and for two years

more, tidings were not expected. In the autumn of 1847, however, public anxiety began to be manifested for the fate of the discoverers, and presently as months and years rolled on without bringing news of them, expeditions were despatched in search of them. Not till 1850 were *any traces* of the missing ships discovered, when, on Beechey Island, were found vestiges which showed that *there* had their first winter (1845-6) been passed. The ruins and traces of an observatory, of shooting-galleries, and a cairn or pyramid 8 feet high, elaborately constructed of old meat-tins filled with gravel, all tell the tale of manful anxiety for physical employment to distract the mind from solitude and privations. The three months' darkness and twilight of an Arctic winter need all the relief which can be afforded by the slender resources available for amusement and employment; and the officers of an Arctic expedition have to exert themselves in giving lectures, acting plays, &c., in every possible way fighting against the terrible depression which the darkness and intense cold would otherwise bring upon the men.*

Touching mementos of Franklin's sojourn in 1845-6 on Beechey Island are the graves of three sailors who died in these first winter quarters, and over whose remains, tombstones had been placed by their comrades, with the date of the death of each, and the text, "Choose ye this day whom

* NOTE.—Traces of such exertions were everywhere discoverable on and about the winter-quarters at Beechey Island. My readers will remember in Franklin's letters from Great Bear Lake, his interesting account of the occupations of his party during an Arctic winter.

"ye will serve." Perhaps this text formed the keystone of the address which we may well imagine Franklin to have made to his officers and men over these graves, either on the occasion of the interment of one or other, or perhaps just before leaving Beechey Island. Admiral Sherard Osborne, from whose interesting, though necessarily rather imaginative account of "The Last Voyage of Sir John Franklin,"* I am now freely quoting, says, "Perhaps no finer picture could be conceived than that firm and veteran leader, leading his beloved crews on to the perilous execution of their worldly duty, yet calmly pointing to that text of Holy Writ in which the prophet warrior of old reminded his people of their God, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.'"

The scanty information gathered in 1850 was all that the British nation was permitted to know respecting the Erebus and Terror for a long period, in spite of the devotion, energy, and skill displayed by our brave countrymen—unflinchingly hazarding their lives, if haply they might relieve by one ray of light the disheartening gloom. Nor they alone—for roused by Lady Franklin's pathetic appeals, other nations came forward to aid in the pious undertaking. France sent her Bellot; you have seen the touching record of his deeds and his death on the obelisk at Greenwich Hospital; and the United States of America manned two searching expeditions, the expenses of which were borne by Mr.

* Published in "Once a Week," 1859, October 22, 29, and November 5.

Grinnel, a wealthy private citizen of great humanity and liberality. All, all was in vain. One after another returned with baffled hope, and no clue to the impenetrable mystery.

But hardly had men declared the solution of the fate of the lost expedition a hopeless task, when, in October, 1854, from the shores of Prince Regent's Inlet, where he had been exploring in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, appeared a traveller, Dr. Rae, bringing conclusive information. The two ships had been seen by a party of Esquimaux, beset or wrecked off the coast of King William's Island. They also reported that a forlorn hope of forty men, whom they had seen in 1850 dragging a boat over the ice at the north shore of the island, had perished by starvation, as their bodies had been found later on in the season at the mouth of the Great Fish River. They were identified, beyond the possibility of doubt, by the numerous articles which the Esquimaux had picked up at the place where they had perished, many of which Dr. Rae purchased of the natives and brought to England. You have seen these sad relics, I think, in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital.

The site where traces of the lost expedition might be looked for was thus fixed. By a strange fatality all our travellers, while they had explored more remote regions, had turned back short of that goal, because they had found no cairn, no trace, no record, to induce them to push on towards it.

However, that there the lost ships were, no one who knew anything of the matter could

then doubt; and the natural conclusion was that one of the Arctic ships in our dockyards would have been immediately sent to close the search by ascertaining the whole sad truth, so far as the mournful relics of the expedition should reveal it. The Admiralty and the Government thought otherwise; all public endeavours ceased; the Crimean War was all-engrossing, and left little room for sympathy in a cause which had so long occupied the public mind, as the fate of Franklin's expedition.

At this juncture, the widow of Franklin stepped forth, to carry out what the Admirals in Whitehall, and Statesmen in Downing Street, declared to be an impossibility. This energetic, self-reliant woman, seconded by a few staunch friends, and having been but partially successful in an appeal to the public for pecuniary aid, was fortunately able to meet the necessary expenses attendant on the purchase of a fine screw-schooner yacht, the Fox, and her equipment for Arctic service. Captain Leopold McClintock took the command of her, an officer whose reputation rendered his acquisition an omen of success. Various circumstances however, contributed to retard the departure of the gallant little Fox, and it was not till 1857 that she and her noble company put forth from Aberdeen. Round Captain McClintock stood twenty-five gallant men, including three officers and an interpreter. Allen Young went as sailing-master, and not only gave his services gratuitously, but threw £500 into the general fund for expenses. Lieutenant Hobson, of the Navy, served as chief officer; Dr. Walker, of

Belfast, a young and rising medical man, went also to seek honour where so many of his gallant countrymen had already won it; and Petersen, the Dane, who had spent half his life within the Arctic zone, quitted Copenhagen at an hour's notice to aid Captain McClintock as Esquimaux interpreter.

The history of what these brave men did and endured has been told in a volume which I recommend you to read.* All their discoveries tended to confirm the truth of what Dr Rae had learnt from the Esquimaux in 1854, and to place beyond doubt the fact that no survivors remained of the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

One most precious and all-important record McClintock discovered, thank God, in a cairn on Cape Herschel, at the west coast of King William's Land. A paper,† deposited there, tells how the *Erebus* and *Terror* passed the winter of 1845-6 at Beechey Island, "having "ascended Wellington Channel to latitude "77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island." This first entry is signed "Sir John Franklin, commanding the expedition. "All well."

A subsequent entry by Captain Fitzjames tells how Sir John Franklin died on the 11th

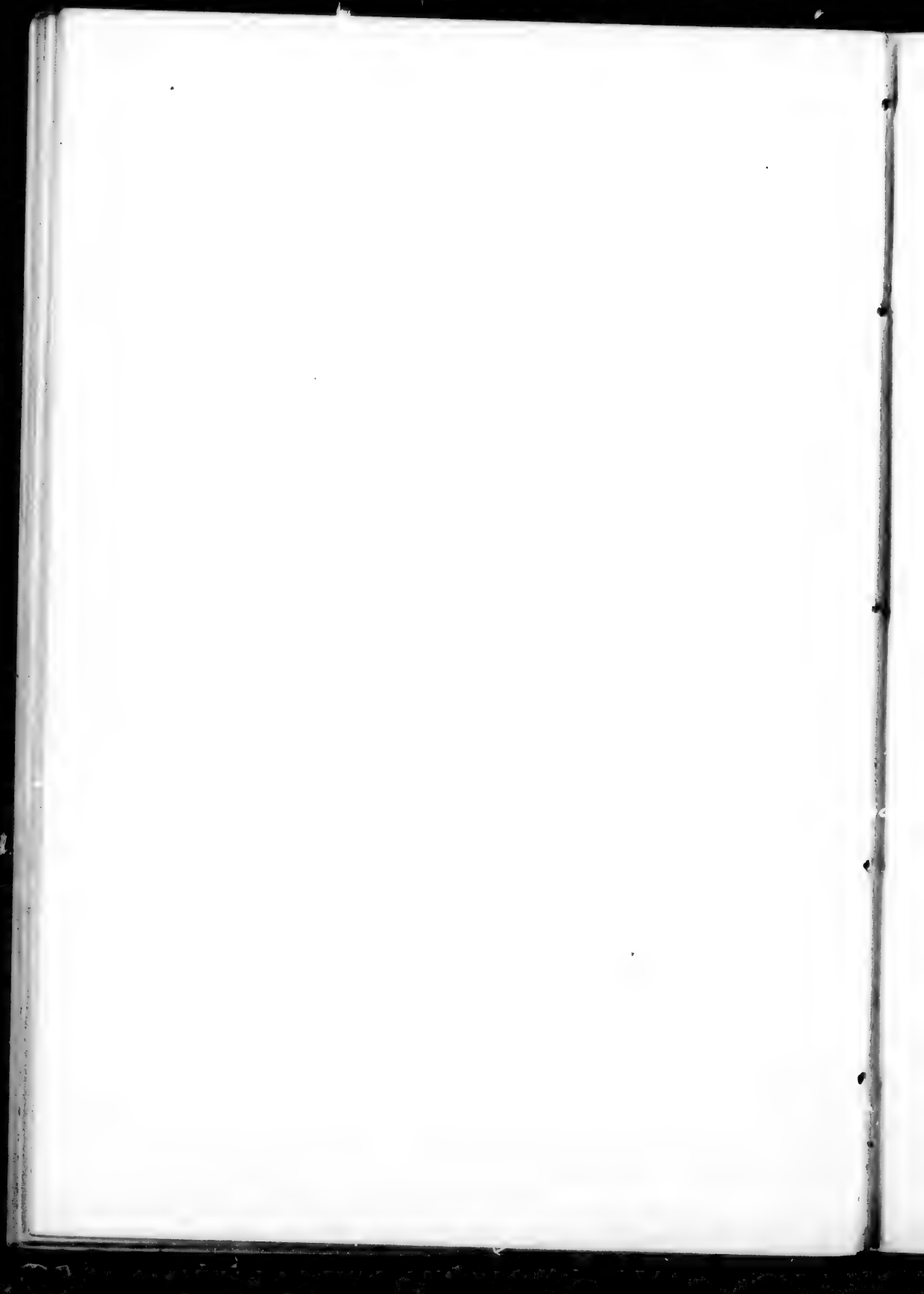
* NOTE.—"A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate "of Sir John Franklin and his Companions," or "The "Voyage of the 'Fox' in the Arctic Seas." By Captain McClintock, R.N., LL.D.

† NOTE.—The fac-simile of this sad but precious relic is bound up with Captain McClintock's work.

June, 1847, and a third entry, by Captain Crozier, bears the mournful record of the desertion of the ships on the 22nd of April, 1848. But oh, how thankful are those who loved Franklin to know with certainty that he died in peace, surrounded by his comrades and friends, and that he lay down to his rest, as it were in the arms of victory. For the record found in the cairn places beyond the possibility of dispute the fact that Franklin and his party were the discoverers of the North-West Passage; from the data given under their own (dying) hands.

And though later in point of time, and in a higher latitude, Sir Robert McClure also filled up a narrow gap between previous discoveries, and so traced out a North-West Passage by travelling over ice that has always proved a barrier to ships, yet, says Franklin's biographer and comrade, Sir John Richardson, "If ever commercial enterprise endeavours to force a North-West Passage by steam, the route chosen will undoubtedly, be that of Franklin and his party,"—that route, of which as he adds, "they forged the last links with their lives."*

* NOTE.—These last words form part of the inscription on the monument erected to Franklin's memory at Hobarton, Tasmania. "It is to be regretted," writes one who has studied the subject in all its bearings, "that an attempt should have been made, since the recent death of Sir R. McClure, to bestow on him the credit of being the discoverer of the North-West Passage. The attempt has failed, as was to be expected, since truth and justice *will* prevail. Franklin is the people's and the children's hero."



A P P E N D I X .

No. I.

VALENTINE

Addressed by Miss Porden, to her little niece, Mary Anne,
on giving the first pair of earrings.

" Since happy Love delights to hold
His dearest pledge, a ring of gold,
How doubly blest, sweet maid, are you,
Since your fond lover sends you two !
Not on your little hands to wear,
But dangle sparkling from your ear.
Then weep not for a moment's pain ;
The pang will pass, the joy remain ;
And till these rings shall cease to shine,
I'll be your faithful Valentine !"

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED BY "GREEN STOCKINGS,"
AN ESQUIMAUX GIRL, TO CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.

[This little *jeu d'esprit* was written by Miss Porden,
afterwards Mrs. Franklin.]

" Yes, yes, thou art gone to the climes of the East,
Thou hast welcomed the sun, as he springs from the sea,
And thou can'st not, though sorrow lie cold on my breast,
Though the night of the grave may be closing on me.
And though he may beam in those changeable skies,
Where he dawns but to set, and descends but to rise,
Though on wonders I dream not his lustre may shine,
Yet he warms not one bosom more constant than mine.

And what if the daughters of Albion be fair,
With their soft eyes of azure, and tresses of gold !
To the flow'rs of their meadows their charms I compare,
They bloom in the sunshine, but shrink from the cold.
But I, through the snow and the forest would guide thee,
On the smooth frozen lake I would gambol beside thee,
With thongs of the reindeer thy buskins would weave,
And dress thy light meal as thou slumbers't at eve.

Nay, frown not, thou knows't that such moments have been,
Tho' cruel as false, thou couldst calmly depart ;
Thy comrade too truly has pictured the scene
And my form—but thine own, it is drawn on my heart.
Think not, in thy green isle, some fair one to woo,
For with tempest and storm shall my vengeance pursue,
My bidding at noonday shall darken the air,
And the rage of my climate shall follow thee there.

But return, I have gather'd thee dainties most rare,
The wild birds that soar, and the fish of the sea,
The moose and the reindeer, the fox and the bear,
In a snow-mantled grotto, I guard them for thee.
How happy our long day of summer shall prove !
And our long night of winter, when brightened by love,
When the moon and the stars are abroad in the sky,
And the brisk Northern meteors are blazing on high.

Return ! and the ice shall be swept from thy path,
I will breathe out my spells o'er the land and the sea ;
Return ! and the tempest shall pause in his wrath,
Nor the winds nor the waves dare be rebels to thee !
Spread thy canvass once more, keep the Pole-star before thee,
'Tis constancy's type, and the beacon of glory ;
By the lake, by the mountain, the forest and river,
In the wilds of the north, I am thine, and for ever !

GREEN STOCKINGS."

APPENDIX.

No. II.

I have been asked to add to this imperfect sketch of Sir John Franklin's life, a few particulars respecting his only child—that infant daughter whom he left in her dying mother's arms, when he sailed for the Arctic regions in 1825.

The babe was tenderly reared by a widowed sister of Sir John's, but after his second marriage, Lady Franklin became, of course, his daughter's natural guardian. She faithfully performed a mother's part, and personally directed Eleanor's education, first in England, and afterwards in Hobarton, Tasmania, whither Eleanor accompanied Sir John and Lady Franklin, on her father's accepting the Governorship of that colony. Before she had quite left the schoolroom, she had become engaged to be the wife of the Rev. John Philip Gell, that favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold's, whom he had sent out to be Principal of the College at Hobarton, as you doubtless remember.

The young lovers were, however, separated for some time, when Eleanor returned with her father to England in 1844. And after Mr. Gell's return from Tasmania, their marriage was still delayed by the sad cloud of uncertainty hanging over Sir John's fate. They had intended waiting his return to England for the celebration of their marriage, but the "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," was still to be theirs for a long period.

At length, in 1849, by the advice of Lady Franklin and their friends, the marriage took place, and, but for the still lowering cloud of suspense, soon to deepen into sad certainty, their union was a very happy one. Mr. Gell had

the charge of a large parish near London, in which his wife was his faithful helpmeet; they had several children, and Eleanor's talent and sense fitted her, in an especial manner, to superintend their training—but, alas, this happiness was to be of short duration.

In 1860, Eleanor went with her husband and children to Tredunnoc, in South Wales, where Mr. Gell had taken duty for a month, in order to secure the benefit of change of air and scene for himself and his family. Near the parsonage, was a farm-house, to which the children were in the habit of going to fetch new-laid eggs for their mother. The children at the farm had recently been suffering from scarlet fever, but, from lamentable carelessness, no notice of the fact had been given to the family newly-arrived at the vicarage. Eleanor's second boy took the complaint in a severe form, and while nursing him, she, too, sickened with it, and in spite of every care, she died after a few days illness. She is buried in the little churchyard at Tredunnoc, and her husband has placed this epitaph over her remains:—

NORTH SIDE.

“Far from a much-loved home, from whence she came in
quest of recreation and repose,

Here lie the mortal remains of

ELEANOR ISABELLA,

WIFE OF THE REV. JOHN PHILIP GELL.

*(Incumbent of St. John's, Notting Hill, in the County of
Middlesex.)*

In Faith, and Charity, and Holiness she adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour,

APPENDIX.

V

And fulfilled her vocation in His Church, as a teacher of good things, a trusty counsellor in the work of the ministry,
And a kind and sagacious friend to the sick and needy.

As she was the only child, so also did she inherit the character of that brave commander,

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,

First discoverer of the North-West Passage; who died on duty 11th June, 1847, within the awful recesses of the Frozen Ocean.

For the spirit of self sacrifice was hers, both by nature and by grace; and the contagion of a deadly malady, From which her care had rescued a suffering child, was the means of her translation
To eternal rest, on the 30th August, 1860, at the age of 36 years."

EAST SIDE.

"When Christ, Who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."